

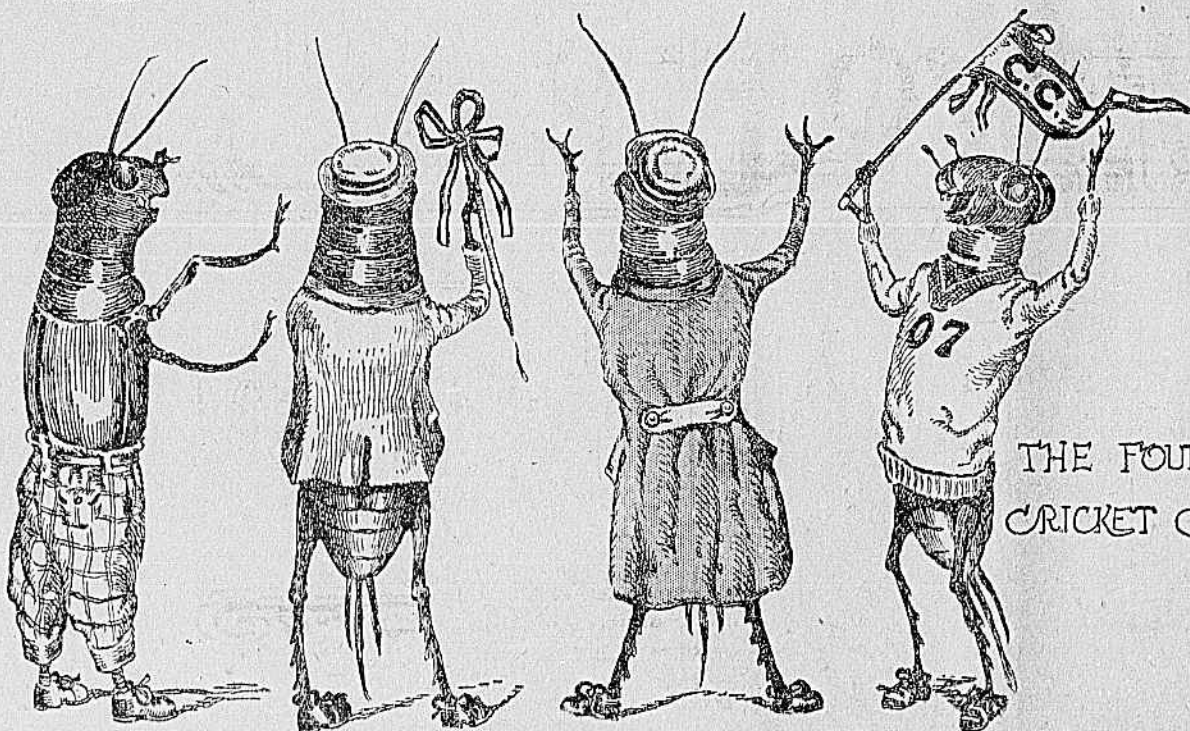
# Animaldom

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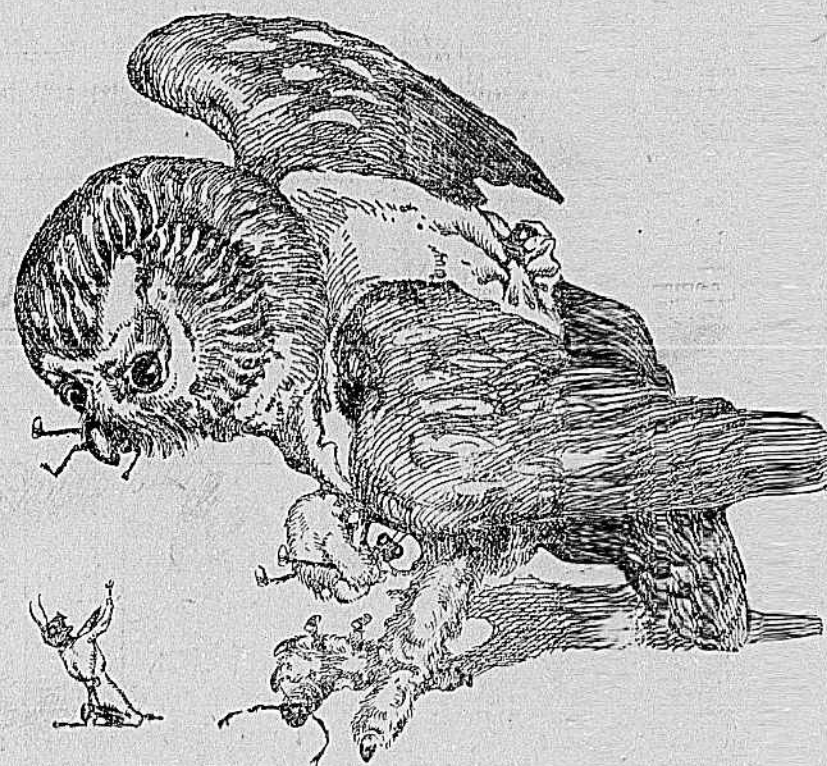
## The Owl & the Crickets



THE OWL  
GETS HOME  
VERY LATE IN THE  
MORNING



THE FOUR GAY  
CRICKET COLLEGE  
CHAPS.



THE OWL GORRIES THEM UP.

An Owl, my dear, is a funny bird—  
It stays out all night long,  
When decent folk should be abed  
And breathing deep and long.

And yet I know so many folk  
Who breathe the midnight air,  
They're bad as Owls—but still, all that  
Is neither here nor there.

An Owl whom I knew wandered home  
Quite late one summer morn;  
His coat was soiled, his wings were tired,  
He looked, oh, so forlorn!

But four young Crickets, college chaps,  
Soon met his weary eye.  
The four were gay and lively, so  
They started in to guy.

They all struck up a noisy song,  
And played all sorts of games;  
They rattled pebbles on his door  
And called him funny names.

"Come, be good lads and let me sleep,"  
The Owl cried from within;  
At which they called him Sleepy Poke  
And raised a bigger din.

But then the Owl, in honeyed tones,  
Cried out: "My boys, don't stir.  
I'll beg a thousand pardons, for  
I knew not who you were.

"I love your jolly college songs,  
Your voices are sublime.  
Just come right in, and I am sure  
We'll have a dandy time."

The four young Fools could not see through  
The wise Owl's old device,  
For hardly were they in the house  
When he smiled, "They tasted nice."

But first he said: "My dear young lads,  
You should have learned to see  
The difference 'twixt honest words  
And plainest flattery!"

J. J. MORA.